

# SCRAPPLE

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she has a great respect for the President's opinions as a general thing, but she can't agree with him on the desirability of victory without peace.

THE PADDED CELL



HOW TO KEEP A SERVANT

SSHH! I'll get you more cakes, Marie must have her afternoon beauty nap otherwise she says she gets lines under her eyes!

THE STORY THUS FAR



CHAPTER IV (Continued)

ALIAN laughed and cut off power. The old days were not for ten thousand dollars would he have tried so ticklish a desert, but now his mettle was of sterner stuff and his skill with the machine developed to a point where man and machine seemed almost one organism.

Something Different  
"Mother," said little Evelyn, "may I go out and play with the other children now?"  
"You may play with the little girls, sweetheart, but not with the boys; the little boys are too rough."  
"But, mother," rejoined the little miss, "if I find a nice, smooth little boy, can I play with him?"

SCHOOL DAYS



—explaining the high cost of maple syrup

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# THE AFTERGLOW

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion" By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES  
Allan Stern, a consulting engineer, and Beatrice Ragnall, his stenographer, were from a long sleep in his office in the lower part of the office building which had been below them a vast forest of great trees where New York City once stood. After a time of maladjusted savages appears. They storm the tower and a desperate battle ensues in a ruined mansion on the Hudson. After a time they get to the top of the tower, where they find the remains of the earth's changed relations with its atmosphere. They find a vast, unexplored continent. They find themselves in a primitive and barbarous world which has withstood the ravages of centuries in glass jars.

the old days when there were cities on the earth and ships upon the sea.  
The fire burned low, Allan arose and flung himself upon it, while showers of winking light gyrated upward through the air. Then he returned to Beatrice and wrapped her in his cloak.  
And for a long time they both talked of many things—intimate, solemn, wondrous things—together in the night.  
And the morrow was to be their wedding day.

CHAPTER V  
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Two of the squirrels had to die, for breakfast, which Beta cooked while Allan quitted the edges of the wood for the ever-present berries. They drank from a fern-embowered spring a hundred yards or so to south of their camp in the forest, and felt the vigorous tides of life throbbing through the splendid bodies.  
Allan got together the few simple implements at their disposal for the expedition—his ax, a torch made of the brown weed of the abyss, oil-soaked and bound with wire that fastened it to a metal handle, and a supply of the rude, but most useful, manufactured in the village of the folk.  
"Now then, en marche!" said he at length.  
The old cathedral and the records are waiting morning call from us—and there are all the wedding preparations to make as well. We've got no time to lose!"  
She laughed happily with a blush and gave him her hand.  
"Lead on, Sir Knight!" she jesting. "I'm yours by right of capture and conquest, as in the good old days!"  
"The good new days will have better and higher standards," he answered gravely. "Today, one age is closed, another opened for all time."  
Hand in hand they ascended the barren spur to eastward, and presently reached the outposts of the forest that rose in close, majestic, over the brow of Storm King.

create. A lesson to be learned, is it not, in our rebuilding of the world?"  
The mighty temple stood, in fact, almost as men had left it in the long ago, when the breath of annihilation had swept a withering blast over the face of the earth. The broad grounds and driveways that had led up to the entrance had, of course, long since absolutely vanished under rank growth.  
Grass flourished in the gutters and on the Gothic flint; the gargoyles were bearded with vines and fern-clusters; the flying buttresses and mullions stood green with moss; and in the vegetable mold that had for centuries accumulated on the steps and in the vestibule—spirit of the casket door—crambled to powder—many a brightly-dowered plant raised its blossoms to the sun.

with strong sun, there lost in cool purple shade that foiled the eye far among the hanging miracles of the roof.  
At the transept-crossing they stood amazed; for here the fluting ran up five hundred feet inside the stupendous central spire, among a marvelous flange of lacework as of frost-patterns etched into the solid substance of the fleche.  
"Higher than that, more massive and more beautiful the buildings of the future shall arise," said Allan slowly after pause. "But they shall not serve created or fostered in the archaic, and for the great race still to come. Beauty shall be its heritage, its right."  
And loveliness shall crown the waiting world As with a seraph of immortal joy!

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The marble floor was covered now with withered dead leaves and pine-spills, and the sheltered themselves on acanthus and pilasters and on the lofty capitals of the fluted pillars, which rose, vial-like, a hundred feet above the clear-story, spraying out into a wondrous complexity of ribs to the top of the dome. The concrete vaulting, full two hundred feet in air.  
Through the shattered windows broad slants of sunshine fell athwart the walls and floor. Swallows chirped and twittered far aloft, or winged their swift way through the open upper spaces, passing at will in or out the mullioned gaps whence all the painted glass had long since fallen.  
An air of mystery, of long expectancy, seemed brooding everywhere; it seemed almost as though the spirit of the past were waiting to receive them—waiting now, as it had waited a thousand years, patiently, inexorably, untriflingly for those to come who should some day reclaim the hidden secrets of the crypt, once more awaken human echoes in the vault, and so redeem the world.

"But come, Beatrice—there's work to do. The records, girl! We mustn't stand here admiring the stupendous central spire, among a marvelous flange of lacework as of frost-patterns etched into the solid substance of the fleche."  
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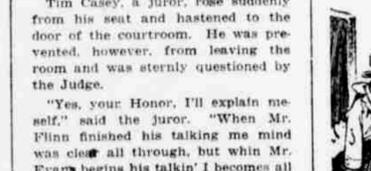
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Quite a Man!



London Opinion  
Peggy—Poor Jigby won't be able to get his usual dash with that wounded leg.  
Mater—Don't despair, dear. That man can swagger sitting down.

An Honest Juror



Tim Casey, a juror, rose suddenly from his seat and hastened to the door of the courtroom. He was prevented, however, from leaving the room and was sternly questioned by the Judge.  
"Yes, your Honor, I'll explain myself," said the juror. "When Mr. Flinn finished his talking my mind was clear all through, but when Mr. Evans begins his talkin' I becomes all confused an' says 'I meself, 'Faith, I'd better lave at once, an' sthaway until he is done, because, your Honor, to tell the truth, I didn't like the way the argument was goin'!"

That's All He Had



He gathered her in his strong arms, he drew her yielding body close, and kissed her gently.  
"Tomorrow," he whispered. "Do you realize it?"  
"Tomorrow," she made answer, her breath mingling with his. "Tomorrow Allan—on page of life forever closed, another opened. Oh, may it be for good—may we be very strong and very wise!"  
"Nonsense," he said, with a smile of a few hours later, while the wind made a vague, melancholy music in the sentinel tree-tops and the snapping sparks danced upward by the rock.  
"All my life—just dancing sparks—then gone," said Beatrice slowly. "And yet—yet it is good to have lived. Allan. God to have lighted the black mystery of the universe, formless and brief as a flicker!"  
"Is it my little pessimist tonight?" he asked. "Too tired, that's all. In the morning things will look different. You must smile, then. But don't think of formless mystery or—anything sad at all. For tomorrow is our wedding day."  
He felt her catch her breath and tremble just a bit.  
"I know. Our wedding-day, Allan. Surely the strangest since time began. No friends, no gifts, no witnesses, no minister."  
"There, there!" he interrupted, smiling. "How can my little girl be so wrong-headed?"  
"Friends? Why, everything's our friend! All nature is our friend—the whole life-processes is our friend and ally. Gilt? What have we of that?"  
"You mean my gift, surely the best gift that a man ever had since the beginning of all things? Am I not yours?"  
"Minister? Priest? We need none! The world—we shall have got far away from such beyond its fairy-tale stage, its weaknesses and fears of the Unknown, which alone explain their existence. Here on the King, under the arches of the old cathedral our clasped hands, our mutual words of love and trust and honor—these shall suffice. The river and the winds and infinite expanse of Nature herself shall be our priest and witness. And never has a wedding been so true, so solemn and so holy as yours and mine shall be. For you are mine, my Beatrice, and I am yours—forever!"  
A little silence, while the flames leaped higher and the shadows deepened in the dim aisles of the fir forest all about them. In the vast canopy of evening sky clustering star-points had begun to shimmer.  
Redly the camp-fire lighted man and woman there alone together in the wild. For them there was no sense of isolation or loneliness. She was his world now, and he hers.  
Up into his eyes she looked fairly and bravely, and her full lips smiled.  
"Forgive me, Allan," she whispered. "It was only a mood, that's all. It's passed now—it won't come back. Only forgive me, boy!"  
"My dear, brave girl!" he murmured, something the thick hair back from her brow. "Never complaining, never repining, never afraid!"  
"Afraid? How could I be with you?"  
"The lips meet again and for a time the girl's heart throbbed on his.  
Afar a wolf's howl, tremulous call drifted down-wind. An owl, disturbed in its nocturnal quest, hooted upon the high towers eastward; and across the darkening sky rose an unsteady bat, far larger than in

THE STAR GAZERS



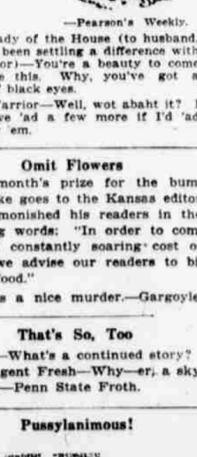
The Lady of the House (to husband, who has been settling a difference with a neighbor)—You're a beauty to come home like this. Why, you've got a couple of black eyes.

Omit Flowers



The month's prize for the bumest joke goes to the Kansas editor who admonished his readers in the following words: "In order to combat the constantly soaring cost of living, we advise our readers to bi-plane food."

That's So, Too



Prof.—What's a continued story? Intelligent Fresh—Why—er, a sky-scraper.—Penn State Froth.

Puasylanimous!



The Warrior—Phew! This is going to be a three year war.

Puasylanimous!



The Warrior—Phew! This is going to be a three year war.

# THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD  
Author of "Marie," "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc.

CHAPTER XX—(Continued)

"And had better not inquire, Lady Ragnall, since in this world most changes are for the worse."  
"I agree and shall not inquire. Now I have broken my like this because I felt that I must do so. Also I want to thank you for all you have done for me and George. Probably we shall not talk in such a way again; as I am situated, the opportunity will be lacking, even if the wish is present. So once more I thank you from my heart. Until we meet again—I mean really meet—good-by; and she held her right hand to me in such a fashion that I knew she meant me to kiss it."  
This I did very reverently and we walked back to the temple almost in silence.  
That month of rest, or rather the last three weeks of it, since for the first few days after the battle I was quite prostrate, I occupied in various ways, among others in a journey with Harut to Simba Town. This we made after our spies had assured us that the Black Kendah were really gone somewhere to the southwest, in which direction fertile and unoccupied lands were said to exist about three hundred miles away. It was with very strange feelings that I retraced our road and looked once more upon that wind-bent tree still, in the boughs of which I had taken refuge from the monster's fury. Crossing the river, quite low now, I traveled up the slope down which we had raced for our very lives and the cemetery of dead elephants.  
Here all was unchanged. There was the little mound worn by his feet, on which Jana was wont to stand. There were the rocks where I had tried to hide and near which I had crushed human bones which I knew to be those of the unfortunate Marut. These we buried with due reverence on the spot where he had fallen. I meanwhile, thinking of my own bones were not interred at their side, as but for Hans would have been the case—if they were ever interred at all. All about lay the skeletons of dead elephants and from them I collected as much of the best ivory as we could carry, namely about fifty camel loads. Of course, there was much more, but a great deal of that had been exposed for so long to sun and weather that it was almost worthless.  
Having sent this ivory back to the Town of the Child, which was being rebuilt after a fashion, we went on to Simba Town through the forest, dispatching pickets ahead of us to search and make sure that the place was empty. Empty it was indeed; never did I see such a place of desolation.  
The Black Kendah had left it just as it stood, except for a pile of corpses which lay around and over the altar in the market place, where the three camel men were sacrificed to Jana, doubtless those of wounded men who had died during or after the retreat. The doors of the houses were open, many domestic articles, such as great jars resembling that which had been set over the head of the dead man whom we were commanded to restore to life, and other furniture lay about because the great quantity of carriers and various weapons of war, whose owners, being killed, would never want them again. Except a few starved dogs and jackals no living creature remained in the town, and in its own way as waste and even more impressive than the graveyard of elephants by the lonely lake.  
"The curse of the Child worked well," said Harut to me grimly. "First, the storm; the hunger; then the battle; and now the silence, flight and ruin."  
"It seems so," I answered. "Yet that course, like others, came back to roost, for if Jana is dead, his people feel where they are and many of its people? What will you do without your god, Harut?"  
"Repeat us of our sins and wait till the heavens send us another, as doubtless they will in their own season," he replied very solemnly.  
I wonder whether they ever did, and if so, what form that new divinity put on. I sleep, or rather did not sleep that night in the child's guest house in which Marut and I had been imprisoned during our dreadful days of fear, reconstructing in

my mind every event connected with them. Once more I saw the fires of sacrifice flaring in the distance and heard the roar of the dancing ball that proclaimed the ruin of the Black Kendah as loudly as the trumpet of a destroying angel. Very glad was I when the morning came at length and, having looked my last upon Simba Town, I crossed the moats and set out homeward through the forest whereof the stripped boughs also spoke of death, though in the sun the air was full of green again.  
Ten days later we started from the Holy Mount, a caravan of about a hundred camels, of which fifty were laden with the ivory and the rest ridden by our escort under the command of Harut and our three slaves. But there was an evil fate upon this ivory, as on everything else that had to do with Jana. Some weeks later in the desert a great sandstorm overtook us in which we heavily escaped with our lives. At the height of the storm the ivory-laden camels broke loose, flying before it. Probably they fell and were buried beneath the sand; at any rate of the fifty we recovered only ten.  
Ragnall wished to pay me the value of the remaining loads, which ran to thousands of pounds, but I would not take the money, saying that it was outside of our bargain. Sometimes since then I have thought that I was foolish, especially when gazing at the ivory in the museum at Harut, after days, the same which he had given me before the battle. I found that he had given me before the battle, I found that he had broad—a monolith molded about the crypt and absolutely protecting it from every outside influence.  
"Not even the Great Pyramid of Ghiseh could afford a more perfect—hello, what's this?"  
Allan gopped short, staring downward at the floor. His voice re-echoed strangely in the restricted space.  
"A skeleton, so help me!"  
"True indeed. At one side of the passage, lying in a position that strongly suggested death in a crouching, despairing attitude—death by starvation rather than by violence—a little cluster of human bones gleamed white under the torch-flare.  
"A skeleton—the first one of our vanished race we've ever found!" exclaimed the man. "All the remains in New York, you remember, down in the subway, are in any of the buildings; they are invariably little piles of impalpable dust mixed with coins and bits of rusted metal. But this—it's absolutely intact!"  
"The dry air and all—" suggested Beatrice.  
Stern nodded.  
"Yes," he answered. "Intact, so far."  
He stirred the skull with his foot. Instantly it vanished into powder.  
"Just as I thought," said he. "No chance to give a decent burial to this or any other human remains we may come across here. The bones are disturbed totally disintegrates them. But with this it's different!"  
He picked up a revolver, hardly pointed at all, that lay near at hand.  
"Cartridges! look!" cried Beatrice, pointing.  
"That's so, too—a score or more!"  
Lying in an irregular oval, that plainly told of a vanished cartridge belt, a string of cartridges lay on the concrete floor.  
"H-m-m-m—Just for an experiment, let's see!" murmured the engineer.  
Already he had slipped in a charge.  
"Steady, Beatrice!" he cautioned, and pointing down the passage, pulled trigger.  
Flame stabbed the half-dark and the crashing detonation rang in their ears.  
"What do you think of that?" cried Stern exultantly. "Talk about your miracles! A thousand years and—"  
Beatrice grasped him by the arm and pointed downward. Astonished, he stared. The rest of the skeleton had vanished. Its place now only a few handfuls of dust lay on the floor.  
"Well, I'll be—" the main exclaimed.  
"Even that does the trick, eh? H-m-m—would be a joke, now, wouldn't it? H-m-m—records show that the same way? Come on, Beta; this is all very interesting. It isn't getting us anywhere. We've to be at work!"

CHAPTER XXI  
Trapped!  
Some thirty steps the way descended, passing in a straight and very narrow passage, the floor of which was somewhat still, was absolutely dry and perfectly respirable, thanks to the enormously massive foundation of solid concrete which formed virtually one solid monolith 600 feet long by 200 feet wide, and 100 feet high, and absolutely protecting it from every outside influence.  
"Not even the Great Pyramid of Ghiseh could afford a more perfect—hello, what's this?"  
Allan gopped short, staring downward at the floor. His voice re-echoed strangely in the restricted space.  
"A skeleton, so help me!"  
"True indeed. At one side of the passage, lying in a position that strongly suggested death in a crouching, despairing attitude—death by starvation rather than by violence—a little cluster of human bones gleamed white under the torch-flare.  
"A skeleton—the first one of our vanished race we've ever found!" exclaimed the man. "All the remains in New York, you remember, down in the subway, are in any of the buildings; they are invariably little piles of impalpable dust mixed with coins and bits of rusted metal. But this—it's absolutely intact!"  
"The dry air and all—" suggested Beatrice.  
Stern nodded.  
"Yes," he answered. "Intact, so far."  
He stirred the skull with his foot. Instantly it vanished into powder.  
"Just as I thought," said he. "No chance to give a decent burial to this or any other human remains we may come across here. The bones are disturbed totally disintegrates them. But with this it's different!"  
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"Even that does the trick, eh? H-m-m—would be a joke, now, wouldn't it? H-m-m—records show that the same way? Come on, Beta; this is all very interesting. It isn't getting us anywhere. We've to be at work!"

(THE END)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)